



Building a Nebraska Church.

As far west as Hitchcock county churches are few and far between except in towns, and country congregations worship in the small schoolhouses, which at the best furnish meager accommodations.

The long felt want for a meeting place other than the old sod schoolhouse was accentuated at one such place by a slight misunderstanding with another denomination holding prior claim. It was on the last day of the old year, and public spirit grew with the remarks:

"If we only had a church."

"We must have a church."

"Let us build a church."

The crops have failed, times were hard and money scarce, but a temporary loan was offered if a subscription paper warranted its payment.

On New Year's day a committee started out to see what could be done, and at night the subscription list totalled \$70 and a church was assured. A frame building was out of the question, but on Wednesday a score of willing workers were plowing and piling sod. It was a formidable undertaking for midwinter, but the brave homesteaders are accustomed to encountering difficulties and surmounting obstacles, and in two days the walls had risen to the desired height. Unlucky Friday brought a storm, and work was suspended until Tuesday.

But Friday night again opened a good substantial church building completed and furnished ready for occupancy. It is 10 by 30 feet, with door and six windows, and has cost, besides gratis labor, \$100. Part of that sum has already been paid, and the balance guaranteed by said subscription.

The erection of a church in six days' time is one of the achievements "tried out, burned up, blown away" southward Nebraska, and considering circumstances it is certainly unprecedented.—Nebraska State Journal.

Women and Worry.

Mrs. J. C. Croly has been identified with all the most progressive movements in which women have been engaged for the past 30 years or more. She was one of the founders of Sorosis, twice its president and is today the president of the New York Women's Press club and editor of "The New Cycle," a short periodical published monthly in the interests of general federation matters.

In a recent comparison between "Yesterday and Today" she recalls several elements which gave to the old era its charm and value. "One of these," she says, "must have been the absence of rush and hurry. People had time for enjoyment, time to think, time to read, time to live, time to cultivate friendship, family affection, and such arts as they knew, those for women being chiefly of a domestic order. Events were more rare, but they were events prepared for, experienced and remembered."

Mrs. Croly has watched the march of events, and when she saw that the life of those days was positively favorable to the development of beauty she might also add the life in these days is unfavorable, for women show worry in company, in the home, on the car, while frequently there is a nervous contraction of the eyes or mouth, which is positively disfiguring. In making remedies one of the first should be not to worry over trifles. "Do I answer you?" asked a well-dressed woman, leaning on to a strap in a car, as her cap hung over to the frown of the woman in front. "Not at all," was the reply; "I am too old to be disturbed by trifles." The great pity is that the average American woman does not learn this lesson early enough to prevent her looking prematurely old.

The Caribbe Controversy.

Representatives of the Bar association of Carlisle, Pa., in explaining its action in refusing to admit a young woman to be examined for admission to the bar, said publicly: "Whenver men stay at home, nurse the children and do the housework while the women battle with the world, it will be time enough for the Carlisle bar to modify its rules and admit women to membership."

The American Lawyer says: "Nonsense! The Carlisle Bar association ought to awake from its Rip Van Winkle sleep and try to catch up with the procession." The Chicago Legal News quotes the foregoing and adds: "Hit them again, for they deserve it. Women are legally eligible for admission to the bar in Pennsylvania, and it is childish for a local bar association to set up its own belated prejudices in opposition to the laws of the state."

Sacked by a Woman.

An incident during the disturbances in Sicily is related by a correspondent in Palermo. At Terrasini, a village of about 7,000 inhabitants, the people rebelled against the communal administration, burning the bureaus of the taxes. A company of bersaglieri arrived to put a stop to the disorder, and the lieutenant ordered his men to make ready to fire. At that moment a woman ran up to the lieutenant, and holding out to him a portrait of Queen Margaret, asked him to kiss it, while at the same time the rioters, men and women, suddenly sank on their knees in front of the soldiers, crying out: "Kill us we are already dying of hunger." The lieutenant ordered the soldiers to retire, and the riot was at an end.

A New Notion.

A new notion is that of marriage cards conveying, like their Easter and Christmas prototypes, the proper sentiments of the occasion, good wishes, and the rest, which may accompany the wedding gift or merely arrive per se as an evidence of good will. It remains to be seen whether brides will take kindly to this palpable aid to the nonpresent giving guest. An avowal of these pasteboards on the wedding day, however artistic and proper they may be, will hardly be a reliable substitute for even ribbons and syrup jugs.—New York Advertiser.

Town's Women Officials.

Women have been elected or appointed to offices in the Iowa legislature as follows: In the senate—engrossing clerk, Miss Olive Conger; enrolling clerk, Miss Capitolie Mardis; bill clerk, Mrs. Eva Livingston; postmistrress, Miss Fannie Beale. In the house—engrossing clerk, Mrs. Mollie Heise; enrolling clerk, Miss Fannie Metzler; postmistrress, Miss Belle Springer; bill clerk, Miss Maud Baker.—Des Moines Letter.

At Auction.

Furniture at auction each day, beginning at 3 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, Feb. 14th. Goods will be sold regardless of value to the highest bidder. World's Fair Furniture Co.

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The Power of Music.

A family living in a Harlem apartment house received a call from the gentleman living in the next flat. The young lady of the family met him at the door.

"You are the young lady who plays on the piano in this flat, are you not?" said the caller.

"Yes, sir."

"Would you do me the favor to play some of Wagner's music this afternoon from 2 to 3 o'clock?"

Young Lady (very much flattered)—Certainly, sir. I suppose you love music.

"No, it's not that. The truth is, the landlord is going to call on me this afternoon for the rent, and I am going to claim a reduction on account of your piano playing; now, if you will play when he can hear it for himself, I think he will cheerfully come down \$5 a month on the rent."—Texas Sifflage.

Trifles.



"You seem excited, dear. What has happened?"

"Poor Jack Murray! I have just rejected him."

"Oh, don't mind a little thing like that. Why, I reject him every six months!"—Life.

Escaped With His Life.

Lately the burglar moved from room to room through the house, whose inmates, wrapped in the blissful sleep that comes to the weary breast after an evening spent at an amateur concert, heard not his featherfoot. Borne to his quickened senses from the sleeping chambers came the sound of deep, regular breathing that seemed mechanically to mark the flight of time as it moved on slantwise wing toward the great beyond.

Possessing nobly into a large apartment, he turned his dark lantern until its pale rays fell upon a rich dressing case, on whose polished marble top were scattered in careless profusion the jewels and other personal ornaments of some strangely neglected wearer.

His hand closed eagerly on the costly trinkets, and he was on the point of transferring them to the cautious pocket of his overcoat when one of the stoutsmen moved uneasily and in a muffled voice made the remark:

"Please, Seatt, Emily, I thought I had explained it so you could understand it! Now, if you won't interrupt me, I'll give you the facts about the whole tariff business from beginning to end."

The jewelry fell from the nervous grasp of the burglar. Gasping for breath, he staggered to the newest window, jumped blindly through it, carrying the cash with him, and fell upon the sloping roof of the Larchmont, from which he rolled to the top of the cold shed and thence to the ground, alighting in a snowbank, and without stopping to pick up his hat or his lantern, he dashed with breathless haste away from the porters and vanished in the darkness. He had secured no booty, but he had escaped a torture worse than death.—Chicago Tribune.

His Mind Unburdened.

He had a worried look on his face as he entered into the busy man's office.

"Excuse me," he said, "but from your appearance you are an intelligent man, and I take it for granted that you have read 'Catherine' and 'Petrushka' or seen it performed on the stage."

"I have seen it."

"No doubt you are also acquainted with 'Eugenie Monchamps'?"

"Yes."

"Do you"—and the visitor fixed his eye earnestly upon the other man's face—"do you know the difference between them?"

"Of course I do," answered the victim as his fingers nervously clasped a heavy glass pipe-weight.

"But do you see the same difference that I see?"

"I—I don't know about that."

"Well, here it is. One is the 'Taming of the Shrew,' and the other is the shamming of the true."

He drawn features relaxed. A smile illumined his countenance, and a sigh escaped him. He had at last got it off his mind.—Washington Star.

Begging off.

"Grandpa—What! Don't like fat? If you

don't eat fat, you will grow up as thin as a rail."

Little Grandson—When I grow up, I want to earn lots of money, so as to take care of papaw and mamma and you and grandpa.

"Grandpa's own grandson, so he is! But what has that to do with fat?"

"I can get an awful big salary as a living skeleton, you know, grandpa."—Good News.

The Cruel, Cruel World.

Weary Haggles—I'm going to git m' hair cut.

Dusty Rhodes—Gee whiz! What fer?

Weary Haggles (mysteriously)—Way, der people's gettin' to take me fer a postman.

Economy.

Daughter—I think I had better refuse to marry, don't you, papaw?

Papa—Yes, but stave him off until the first of the month if you can. I want to save all I can on that gas bill.—Brooklyn Life.

Too Naturally.

Mr. Critic—If that's "A Hunting Scene," why don't the men have guns?

Mr. Castle—Perhaps the artist painted them so naturally that they've gone off.—King's Sister.

A Want.

Patrolking for some pretty girl! Of course, she's nice, etc. Will dress with known how to spell And has a wit that's keen.

I want no sickle weather-vane That turns with every wind, I'd like a honest word but my best—She must be a peasant as a star, No rumpus would do.

And like her own sweet little self Her grammar must be true.

Yet more. If she would be with me Give me the straight right "ta" She must be able to talk down One hundred words a minute.—True Masons in Life.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Though it is not settled what will follow "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the St. James, London, it is rumored that H. E. Jones "Ruy Blas" will come next.

A guard employed on a French rail way, after seeing a performance of Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," was so depressed that he went home and committed suicide.

Sir Augustus Harris has removed for another year his existing tenancy of Covent Garden theater, London. In all probability he will produce the opera "L'Attaque du Moulin," by Zola.

Madam Marie Rose laments the want of historical accuracy in opera. She has seen singers impersonating characters that belong to the Plantagenet period dressed in empire-costumes.

Mile. Reichenberg has been achieving triumphs in the Dutch towns she has visited. From Amsterdam, where she played various roles, come enthusiastic reports. Many had to be turned away.

Ludwig Harney, the great German actor, after repeated relapses, has so far recovered as to be able to reappear in "Hamlet" and in the new drama by Widman, "Jenseits von Gut und Bose."

Sir Arthur Sullivan was so much annoyed at the substitution of a female for a male in the Dutch towns she has visited. From Amsterdam, where she played various roles, come enthusiastic reports. Many had to be turned away.

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